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The Critic

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LONDON
FOR SALE BY
B. F. STEVENS
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A Plea for the Translator

SOME TIME AGO there appeared in a leading literary periodical of this city a review of a translation from the French in which expression was incidentally given to an opinion so bitterly scornful of the translator's occupation and of translations, as to seem justly to call for a protest from the translator by profession—who has been thus in a manner brought for judgment before the bar of public opinion—against an estimate of his calling and his work which, viewed from his standpoint, appears at once prejudiced, uncandid and unwarranted by the facts.

The reviewer declares that "translations are poor things at best," and says that "if one reads at all in a foreign tongue he resents the reproductions of the masterpieces he has learned to care for, as he cares for those in his own language." And so fierce is his indignation against these interlopers in a domain in which he evidently regards himself as holding peculiar rights, that, not content with thus publicly placing on record his contempt for the translator's work, he adds:—"His resentment" (the resentment of the person who reads at all in a foreign tongue) "becomes a personal matter with him, and is visited in wrath upon the translator."

Yet, in view of the fact that there is no one who knows every language, not even, I will venture to affirm, our reviewer himself (as, indeed, there is no one who can be said really to know any language, and assuredly not our reviewer, at least not unless he is able to express himself with greater precision in some of the foreign tongues with which he is acquainted than he does in English), it would seem as if there might be a *raison d'être* for the translator, his own manifold sins and our reviewer's opinion to the contrary notwithstanding. For otherwise, how large a segment of the circle of human thought and experience must remain altogether shut out from the knowledge of even the most learned scholar. Say a man of English speech knows Latin, Greek, German, French, Spanish and Italian sufficiently well to be able to read the masterpieces of all these languages in the original, and even to care for them "as he cares for those in his own language." There are works in the Russian, the Dutch and the Portuguese—not to speak at all of the oriental tongues, nor of the many minor languages that have a literature of their own—some knowledge of which, if not indispensable to a liberal education, it would certainly be desirable to possess. Say that he knows every language, dead and living, but Spanish. Can he afford to be entirely ignorant of "Don Quixote"? Say he knows every language but Portuguese—can he afford to know nothing of Camoens? Every language but Italian—can he afford to know nothing of Dante? Every language but Greek—can he afford to know nothing of Plato? Every language but German—can he afford to let "Faust" remain a sealed book? And even if something of the aroma escape, as it inevitably must, in passing through the alembic of another mind, is not imperfection a necessary condition of every human production, and would it not be as reasonable to reject the original work because of its inevitable flaws, as to reject the conscientiously and carefully made interpretation of this work because it also has flaws? And as an original work is not of necessity a work of genius because it is original, so a translation is not of necessity destitute of genius because it is a translation; nor is the pleasure afforded by the one necessarily inferior to that afforded by the other. Indeed, it is safe to say that "Gil Blas" has given fully as much delight in the Spanish version, for instance, as in the original French. Nor are all translators necessarily literary botchers. "This deservedly abused

class of literary work-people," in the words of our reviewer, embraces such names as Smollett, Carlyle, George Eliot, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Longfellow, Bryant, Pope. The great English moralist thought eleven years of his life well spent in translating the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey." And, as great minds have not disdained to employ their powers in the labor of translation, so great minds have not disdained to acknowledge their indebtedness to the labors of the translator. Keats has recorded in immortal verse his obligations to the translator of Homer:—

"Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—while all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

And to the German translator of Shakespeare, as no one will seek to deny, not only does German thought owe a lasting debt of gratitude for the vast vistas opened up to it by his translations from the English poet, but the German language itself owes him a debt of gratitude for the new metrical forms with which he has enriched it through his translations from the Italian, Spanish and Portuguese.

Indeed, if work is to be judged at all by the qualities that go to its execution, the work of the translator—the professional translator, it is understood—would seem to be not altogether unworthy of respect, even as compared with that of the original writer. His technical equipment, in the first place, must be far more extensive than that of the latter, his general information greater and more varied, if he would attain to anything like perfection in his work. He must have a knowledge of all arts and sciences, of all trades, professions and pursuits, of all peoples and of every period of their history, of all sorts and conditions of men, of every phase of human development, political, social and religious. The original writer, generally led by his natural bent, makes himself familiar with some special department of knowledge, some particular people or era, and deals with these. But his knowledge need not be universal, nor is he called upon to make application of it without previous notice. He writes a book or two in the year on subjects to which he has probably given much thought and study, and which are thus the naturally ripened fruit of his mental powers. The translator, doing a dozen times that amount of work in the year, is called upon to interpret without a moment's notice the carefully considered and accurately formulated opinions of some famous scientist or artist, which, without a precise knowledge of scientific or artistic phraseology, it will be impossible for him to render even intelligibly. And for this knowledge he can count upon small assistance from the dictionary, especially in regard to scientific terms, foreign dictionaries making little effort to keep pace with science. Before he has well concluded his task he receives a work to "rush," dealing with some obscure historical epoch, some remote and little-known country, with which it is equally important, for an intelligent rendition of his original, that he should be familiar. He must, besides, be an assiduous reader of the newspapers in order to be able to supply at need from his memory, aided by his faculty of divination, some name or phrase in a manuscript article on political complications in France or financial difficulties in Italy, represented by hieroglyphics to which he has no key. In

addition to all this, he must have an intimate acquaintance with foreign literatures; for his author will be by no means infallible, and it is quite possible that he may make a mistake as to the source or the exact words of a quotation, which woe betide the translator if he allow to stand uncorrected.

He must have all the versatility of an actor, to assume the personality of each author, in turn, and with it his style, for "the style is the man." He must be idealist and man of affairs, philosopher and man of feeling at will. He must have a warm imagination—the stimulus of original composition being absent,—to fuse and assimilate the thought of his author; and a copious vocabulary, to recast it in fitting language. And his imagination must be perfectly under his control; he must be able to call it into exercise at pleasure. His command of language must be greater than that of the original writer, who, if he cannot find fitting expression for his thought, can fit his thought to the mould of expression. All which requirements presuppose in the translator creative powers *in posse* if not *in esse*. And his mental requirements are nothing compared to his moral requirements. He must, to begin with, be absolutely unselfish, content to live a reflected intellectual life, thinking always the thoughts of others, reflecting, like a mirror, the beauties of others, for which he receives no credit, and their defects, which are attributed to the distorting medium of his translation; held responsible for opinions which may be diametrically opposed to his own, for faults of taste which shock his æsthetic sense, and for views on morals and on life which he holds in detestation. He must be conscientious beyond all proof, capable of resisting the temptation to alter or to modify in the slightest degree his author's meaning, though to render it faithfully may be bitterer to him than wormwood; though he may be required, in doing so, to vilify his country or his creed, religious, social or political. He must stand sponsor to a race of weaklings or of criminals whose follies or misdeeds he is assumed to sanction and to approve of by his introduction of them to the public. For otherwise, why translate this particular book, asks the reviewer, ignoring the facts; and the public, also ignoring the facts, repeats the question.

Now, the facts are these: The translator to a publishing-house, like the employee of every other reputable business house, executes without question the work intrusted to him, merging his personal responsibility in that of the publisher. The publisher, like every other intelligent man of business, consults, in the merchandise he puts upon the market, the laws of supply and demand. There is a demand on the part of the public for translations of certain foreign authors; the publisher keeps no *index expurgatorius* for his guidance in supplying it. He does not stand at all toward the public in the relation of mentor or literary taster. The public is of age and of sound mind and is perfectly competent to choose its own reading-matter. To supply this reading-matter in a form that will satisfy the requirements of the public, at a satisfactory profit to himself, is the part of the publisher, and in supplying it from foreign sources he must, of necessity, be largely guided by the judgment of the foreign publisher. He could not, if he would, exercise his own judgment in all instances; and more especially was this the case during the brief "boom" in translations, just after the passage of the copyright law. Expedition in putting on the market translations from contemporary foreign authors being all-important, foreign works were in many instances contracted for, either with the author or the publisher, before their completion, and came by mail in advance-sheets to be translated, set up in type, stereotyped and printed, instalment by instalment, neither the American publisher nor the translator having the remotest knowledge of what the next instalment was to contain.

In conclusion, it may be said of the translator's work that, while there are many original works of transcendent

merit, there are few really great translations. The gift of the translator, then, would seem to be rarer than that of the original writer. The rarity of an article is a commonly accepted standard of its value. Applying this standard of value to the translator's work, would it not seem to be deserving of a more generous recompense than that which is ordinarily awarded it? For apart from the pecuniary compensation he receives—and this to the conscientious workman can never be a complete equivalent for his labor,—what is, generally speaking, the translator's reward? To be regarded with hostility by his author, toward whose works he stands in the position of a stepmother; with indifference by the general public, for which, as a personality, he has no existence; and with contempt, as we have seen, by the reviewer; to linger, an unrequited shade, on the confines of the world of letters, or to be sent from it, a scapegoat, into the wilderness of oblivion, bearing on his devoted head the literary sins of the authors whose works he has translated.

MARY J. SERRANO.

Literature

Queen Victoria the Woman

1. *The Personal Life of Queen Victoria.* By Sarah A. Tooley. Dodd, Mead & Co.
2. *The Private Life of the Queen.* By a Member of the Royal Household. Illus. D. Appleton & Co.

PERHAPS NO FIGURE since the Great Napoleon has filled so large a space in the world's eye as Victoria, Queen of England; and what a contrast! The noble, gracious woman, the ambitious, implacable man; sixty years of beneficence against fifteen of ruin and misery and tottering thrones and boundless selfishness. Who for a moment would hesitate between the two careers? Let the two august figures stand up, and see to which a grateful world will award the palm. In Victoria the utmost that a benign woman can accomplish has been realized; in Napoleon the drama of the fallen archangel was reënacted. These two careers mark the extreme of what a man and a woman wielding great power can do of good and evil in this circumscribed world.

When the little "May Blossom," as she was poetically called, came into existence in old Kensington Palace, that May morning in 1819, several lives stood between her and the throne; the old King was still alive, demented; and so was the Prince Regent. William IV was still to reign, and Queen Adelaide might have other children. The possibilities were numerous. Miss Tooley's book is full of charming anecdotes of the Kensington life and the homelike, sensible ways of the German Duchess of Kent, who, when Victoria was born, could not speak good English, and who yet was bound to the English by very tender ties, for she was the sister of Leopold (afterwards King of the Belgians), who had loved and lost the beloved Princess Charlotte. This extremely interesting book traces with loving hand every footstep of the little woman whom her envious uncles resented to hear called the "Little Queen." The extreme simplicity of her rearing and her precocious cleverness are facts emphasized on every page of the book. A good linguist, and a fair artist and musician, she had the tastes and talents of a woman born to please. The reins of a mighty world empire were to rest in those frail, delicate hands, emblems of the weak things of this world destined to confound the strong, a world conquered by a woman's faith and love in a fashion unknown to flaming Napoleons and fiery Hannibals, just as, in the fable of the Sun and the Wind, the all-powerful, gentle glory of the planet wins the victory over the blast and the hurricane.

Victoria, indeed, is a beautiful example of what a woman can do when she is actuated by the loftiest ideals, placed in the most favorable surroundings, filled with the love of her people, and possessed of sufficient power to carry out her dreams of beneficence. Never before had one of her sex possessed so mighty an opportunity. Elizabeth reigned

over a broken and disputed empire; Christina was an eccentric sovereign; Isabel of Castile looms gloomily on the edges of the Dark Ages as the guardian-angel of Columbus without complete opportunities; and similar things may be said of Catherine the Fierce, Queen Anne and Maria Theresa. A queen at eighteen, Victoria still remains a woman at seventy-eight, and, whether she reigns or rules, she is the symbol of the blessed power of peace on earth and good-will to men, settling forever the question of the gracious sovereignty of woman. Her married life and the personal side of her career are pierced by Miss Tooley's kindly eyes and found to be those of a refined, unostentatious, godly, affectionate woman, who has intensely interested her suite and won their entire affection. Her individuality is pronounced, but good sense controls all she does, and graciousness is the word her subjects delight to associate with her.

The writer who hides behind the designation of "A Member of the Royal Household" fully vindicates her right to its use in her pleasant book (2). While never letting her readers lose sight of the mighty monarch, the ruler over the greatest empire the world's history has ever known, she yet devotes herself entirely to the personal side of the Queen's life, from her early days in Kensington to the day of the Diamond Jubilee. She tells us of Victoria as a wife, mother and grandmother; of her graciousness as a host, her incessant work as the first servant of the great country over which she reigns; of her friends and pastimes, fancies and foibles, her pets, her music and writing, her religion and her charities. Nor does this list exhaust the subject. We are shown through the royal castles—the private apartments of the Queen, the nurseries where a third generation of her descendants is now growing up, and the state apartments, as well as the kitchens, the store-rooms and the linen and gold and silver plate closets. The book gives, in fact, a completed view of the domestic life of a typical English gentlewoman, whose wonderful energy enables her to bear uncomplainingly, besides the burden of a large establishment which other women find heavy enough, the cares of state.

What makes this book uncommonly attractive is the great number of anecdotes it contains—anecdotes of the Prince Consort, of statesmen and soldiers, great musicians and painters, gillies and servants, of her Majesty's neighbors at Osborne and Balmoral—especially the latter, whose Scotch characteristics furnish ample material for good stories. Where there is so much it is hard to choose; yet we venture to quote the following from the chapter on "The Queen among Children," in the belief that it best represents Victoria the woman:—

"The Queen's interest in children was never limited by her own nursery. She always had kindly and tender smiles for them all, from those who attended at the yearly children's balls at Buckingham Palace, or whom she encountered on her visits to her subjects' country houses, * * * to the humbly born children of her servants whom she has so often handed to the minister for baptism, blessed with her own prayers and wishes, and ministered to as only a motherly woman can. * * * Her Majesty's love and pride in her vast number of lineal descendants are pardonably great, and her curiosity to see the 'newest baby' is always most delightful. That an early view may be gained by the Queen of the latest addition to the family, a miniature likeness of the little stranger is always sent to her as soon as may be, which picture is worn by the Queen until such time as puts her reigning favorite's nose out of joint. * * * One thing is certain, that if those who are grown up and perhaps getting on in life love and revere Her Majesty, the children who cross her path have every reason to adore her, whether they be of her own kin and can regard her as a fond and indulgent grandmother, or whether they be the offspring of those about the Court, her servants and her gillies, who, oblivious as children will be of all rank, come nestling to her side, telling her their baby joys and griefs, and finding in her not only a Queen, but a tender-hearted woman who has been and always will be a true friend to little children."

"Camps, Quarters, and Casual Places"

By Archibald Forbes. The Macmillan Co.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT of a volume of reminiscences by a distinguished war-correspondent, with its suggestion of limitless material, of personal contact and acquaintanceship with notable men, of travel in many countries, and of the varying mode of life among many peoples, promises to the reader a more than ordinary interest, and insures to the writer a respectful consideration. It is, however, inevitable that in his more leisurely excursions into the domain of literature, Mr. Forbes should miss the stimulating conviction of timeliness, the bracing knowledge that before the morrow's sun has set his article will be read by waiting thousands, and, as a result, there is not forthcoming that keen appreciation which has often been accorded to his newspaper descriptions. That much of what he tells us is of vivid interest need hardly be said. Mr. Forbes knows Continental Europe and its contemporary history perhaps as well as any Englishman now living, and he has for us freshly disclosed matters of historical import, which are only imperfectly shown, for a younger generation, because not yet thoroughly sifted and assorted into their proper relationships. Of Balaklava, of Plevna, of Sedan, we are allowed to learn from the standpoint of a man to whom they are actual rather than historical. Of the Romanoffs and the Hohenzollerns he knows much from personal observation; while of the detail of a soldier's life in the field he has many thrilling stories to tell. Few correspondents, if any, have had equal opportunities for observation.

In an essay on "The Military Courage of Royalty," in sturdy defense of the late Czar's character, he tells us that "in 1877, when in campaign in Bulgaria, Alexander did not know what 'nerves' meant. He was then a man of strong, if slow, mental force, stolid, peremptory, reactionary; the possessor of dull but firm resolution. He had a strong, though clumsy seat on horseback, and was no infrequent rider. He had two ruling dislikes: one was war, the other was officers of German extraction. The latter he got rid of; the former he regarded as a necessary evil of the hour; he longed for its ending, but while it lasted he did his sturdy and loyal best to wage it to the advantage of the Russian arms." And again, in closing:—"He never was a gracious, far less a lovable man; but, as I can testify from personal knowledge, he was a cool and brave soldier in the Russo-Turkish war of 1877."

Full of the necessary equipment for dispassionate historical compilation is Mr. Forbes's "Version of Balaklava," in which, after a prelude upon the conflicting and inadequate nature of our information, he tells in a lucid and straightforward manner the story associated with that famous episode. Referring to a book entitled "From Corufia to Sevastopol," he says:—"This volume was published some years ago, but the interesting and vivid details given in its pages of the Balaklava combats, and the light it throws upon many obscure incidents of the day, have been strangely overlooked. The author of the chapters was an officer in the Troop whose experiences he shared and describes, and is a man well known in the service to be possessed of acute observation, strong memory, and implicit veracity." It would seem but just that we should know the name of so important a chronicler, since in more than one particular he takes upon himself to contradict no less an authority than Kinglake. We may be grateful for the account, however, since it furnishes (with the aid of accompanying diagrams) a singularly graphic presentment of the doings of that famous day.

Of certain harshnesses of diction and occasional grammatical lapses in the book, it is not worth while to speak at length. They may be set down to the manner of "camps, quarters, and casual places," and the book enjoyed none the less.

"Nippur"

Or, Explorations and Adventures on the Euphrates. By J. P. Peters, Ph.D., D.D. Illus. Vol. I. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA is making for itself a noble name, not only through its superb museum of antiquities, but by its expeditions for the exploration of those accumulations of dust which, in the old cradle-lands of the race, hide the civilization and records of the early centuries. It is hard to tell, after reading this book and its story, which to praise most, the public-spirited gentlemen of Philadelphia who sustained the expedition, or the courage and perseverance of its leader, Dr. Peters.

If we take the site of old Babylon and draw a line northward to Bagdad and southeasterly to Nippur, we obtain a triangle between the rivers Tigris and Euphrates, which was the scene of Dr. Peters's explorations. The maps in the pocket of this well-printed work show admirably the route of the expedition. Dr. Peters spent some time in examining the country before he settled upon the scene of his triumphs, which came only after difficulties and discouragements enough to appal the bravest. We need not dwell upon the preliminaries, except to say that this book is well worth reading even for its present interest alone—that is, it gives a lively picture of the present state of things in Asiatic Turkey and in Constantinople. It tells the would-be discoverer the real difficulties which are to be surmounted before one is able to procure from the Turks a firman or a permission to dig. This book gives, also, a clear conception of the actual life of the natives in the countries between the Euxine Sea and the Persian Gulf.

Dr. Peters originated the idea of the exploration and carried it out. The exploring party, which was financed by a few Philadelphia gentlemen, was splendidly equipped. Two of the party—Mr. Hayns, a photographer, and Mr. Noorian, the interpreter,—had been with Dr. William Hayes Ward on the Wolfe expedition, and valuable information was given by a German party who had been on the ground. The Assyriologists R. F. Harper, H. V. Hilprecht and J. D. Prince accompanied the chief. The story of travel from Constantinople to Alexandretta by sea, and thence forward on horseback along the right bank of the Euphrates, is well told. They were so greatly helped by Major Talbot, the British Consul-General at Bagdad, that their difficulties seemed to have but begun when they got among the Arab tribes and in the abominable miasmatic climate. Dr. Peters decided to dig at Nippur, the ancient name of a mound lying on an old canal bed fifty miles southeast of Babylon, at about the latitude of Savannah, Georgia. Surrounded by malaria-breeding marshes and amid hostile Arabs, they broke ground on 6 Feb. 1889, thirty-two men being employed. Unfortunately, after a few days of digging, an Arab horse-thief was shot by one of the Turkish soldiers, and the party had to give up work and get away in a hurry, so that it seemed as though the whole year's work of preparation had been wasted.

Nevertheless, although this volume leaves us with very little knowledge of anything like success, we know that Dr. Peters came back to find no fewer than 30,000 inscribed objects, an abundance of texts of varying value and much material from ancient terra-cotta libraries to occupy scholars for years. In true scientific style, the mounds were pierced by shafts which showed brick pavements inscribed with the names of kings who lived nearly 4000 years ago. Underneath this pavement were the remains of other cities, carrying back history possibly 3000 years further. In short, Dr. Peters was not satisfied until he reached virgin soil. It is safe to say that few discoveries of this century have so opened to us the history of civilization in the morning of the race as has this expedition. We shall await the second volume with interest, for this will tell the results of the later and thoroughly successful campaign.

"The Fall of the Congo Arabs"

By Sidney Langford Hande. Illustrated. Thomas Whittaker.

THE ABOLITION of slavery in Zanzibar, only a short time ago, was a direct result of the victory in the Congo country here narrated. During the present century, many circumstances combined to make the Zanzibar Arabs the most noted slave-hunters and slave-dealers in the world. The Portuguese settlements of the seventeenth century had been mostly reconquered in the eighteenth and the beginning of the present century. The opening of the clove plantations near the coast required a great force of black laborers from the interior: the captured inland Negroes were shipped to the Zanzibar slave-market as a by-product of the ivory-trade. Gradually a great slave-route up through the north and centre of Africa was established. Most of the European explorers of the Dark Continent have followed in this track of the Arabs, starting from Zanzibar as a basis. But when Central Africa and the Congo basin were occupied by Europeans, a conflict between the spirit and methods of the West and of the East, or between Christianity and Mohammedanism, became inevitable. Tippu Tib, whose nickname comes either from the continuous reports of his murderous guns, or because he is such a money grabber, stands forth as the typical slave-raider and trader, becoming an uncrowned king over a vast territory, while all the time European influence was being gradually extended. Soon the question was, whether the Congo Free State should fall before a Mohammedan empire like that of the Khalifa in the Sudan. How the forces representing slavery and Mohammedanism came in conflict with the forces representing civilization and Christianity, and how the right triumphed over the wrong, and humanity over slavery, is told in this book by a brave soldier of King Leopold of Belgium. In the war which came to a crisis in 1892, the Belgians and their allies suffered heavily, but the Arabs immensely more, their loss being estimated at 70,000 men.

The great struggle does, without doubt, mark the turning-point in African history. It seems remarkable that, while the English advances and retreats, diplomatic and military, in eastern Africa, are so well reported to the world in newspaper, picture and book, so little has been known of this decisive work done by the forces of the Congo Free State. Perhaps it is because English journalists are more enterprising. The narrative is in the straightforward style of a soldier, and tells of a good deal of heavy fighting, and of life in camp and in the field, of the siege and assault of fortified stations, and of the utilization of local superstitions as well as of the resources of civilization. Cannibalism, even in this last decade of the century, is surprisingly general. We have here abundant details to show that nearly all the tribes in the Congo basin either are, or have been, eaters of human flesh. The descriptions of human remains on the road or battle-field, which show what parts the human wolves like or dislike, are sufficiently realistic.

This book stands out as a landmark in the great African library which by its increase shows how rapidly the Dark Continent is becoming an integral part of the known world. Nevertheless, after fairly reviewing this work, we think that the authors would do well in a second edition to explain or answer the accusations of the missionaries in the American Baptist Mission, who complain that the Belgians are rather too free in shooting down the natives whom they employ to work their india-rubber forests. The Belgians are even charged with cutting off the hands of the lazy, and of burning the villages of those who do not obey. To extirpate Mohammedan slave-traders is a good thing, but the subjects of King Leopold must resist every temptation to imitate the methods of the Spaniards in fifteenth-century America, or the British in seventeenth-century India. The public opinion of the world is to-day intolerant of such practices.

"The Blackwood Group"

By Sir George Douglas. (Famous Scots Series.) Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE HISTORY of literary journalism is often the record of remarkable groups of young men, who, actuated by laudable ambition, political prejudice, or purely personal feeling, have started great movements in literature that have left a lasting renown. Thus, in Germany, the names of Goethe and Schiller and Wieland are linked with the fates and fortunes of the *Deutsche Merkur*; in France, a brilliant galaxy, headed by Ste.-Beuve, gathered about the *Constitutionnel*; in New England, we had the *Atlantic Monthly* confraternity; and at the South the Poe circle and *The Southern Literary Messenger*. A distinct intellectual flavor emanated from *Fraser's*, *The Saturday Review*, *The London Quarterly*, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. For a time all that was best and finest in their respective literatures flowed into these consecrated channels and gave them a truly Pactolean glitter. Up in the North, *The Edinburgh Review* had in 1802 begun its career of unexampled influence in the world of letters, "as a counterpoise to overwhelming Tory supremacy." Fifteen years later its flippancy and conceit had become intolerable, and the famous remodeled *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* appeared as its lively antagonist, each journal supported by a keen cohort of intellectually unscrupulous young men.

The Blackwood group consisted of Christopher North, Lockhart, the Ettrick Shepherd, Galt, "Delta," Miss Ferrier, Michael Scott and Thomas Hamilton, all variously gifted in prose and verse. Christopher North dominated all these with his elephantine personality—a brilliant, shallow writer of the gushing school, whose lucubrations once ravished a hemisphere, a combination of athlete, pugilist, poet, philosopher and reviewer. John Wilson defeated Sir William Hamilton in the candidacy for the professorship of moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh: a strange event, considering the attainments of the two men. Sir George Douglas traces the connections of this once all-powerful potentate in the realm of letters with the magazine and its contributors, and places his contributions—even the celebrated "Noctes Ambrosianæ"—on a plane of common-sense, far below where they stood in the estimation of ecstatic contemporaries. "Delta" was the pseudonym of the musical philanthropist, Dr. Moir, whose mild elegies once wrung tears from mournful maidens. The unhappy Galt wrote the biography of Byron, and accompanied him and Hobhouse to Sicily. Miss Ferrier has remained, in Sir George's estimation, without a rival as a painter of Scottish society, one at least of her novels deserving to rank with the masterpieces of British fiction. Michael Scott was the genial and melodramatic forerunner of Marryat, and in some respects excels both him and Smollett in that delightful world known and beloved of boys. The author of "Cyril Thornton," the one-book Thomas Hamilton, was not primarily a genius gifted with remarkable grace or talent as a writer, but his one successful work, together with his exploits in the Peninsular campaign, made him an interesting and popular figure in Edinburgh society, and a favored contributor to *Blackwood's*. Lockhart and Hogg are treated separately in independent biographies of this Famous Scots Series, and the later group, including such famous writers as George Eliot and Mrs. Oliphant, does not come within the scope of the work. The author of the book touches off with light and ready pen the salient features of the early contributors, and makes a pleasant addition to our knowledge of the times.

THE *London Literary World* verifies the spelling "Naulakha" (instead of "Naulahka," as it appears in Mr. Kipling's book), by saying, "the name merely means 'of the value of nine lakhs,' and was applied to the necklace which figures in the story: as we should say, 'The ninety-thousand pounder.'"

The Sayings of Christ

The Newly Discovered Logia, or Sayings of Our Lord. From an Early Greek Papyrus. Discovered and edited, with Translation and Commentary, by Bernard P. Grenfell, M.A., and Arthur S. Hunt, M.A. Oxford University Press.

THIS EDITION of the recently discovered "Logia," published for the Egyptian Exploration Fund, consists of twenty pages. The discoverers of the text, both Oxford fellows, furnish a short introduction, the original Greek text and the same printed in our modern way of writing classic Greek, translations in Biblical style, notes and several pages of general remarks. The scrap of papyrus under notice, reproduced by photograph in the pamphlet, contains two pages out of a little book which probably contained ten. It was found under century-accumulated dust on the site of Oxyrhynchus, situated on the western bank of the Nile, at the foot of the Lybian Hills. This fragment lay among cartloads of papyrus, documents of all sorts, chiefly Greek, and ranging in date from the first to the eighth century. In the reviewer's opinion, these eight logia, of which two are illegible, represent a tradition outside of the canonical Gospels, and yet do wonderfully confirm the accepted text, especially the teaching of the three synoptics; while the third, "Jesus Saith, I stood in the midst of the world and in the flesh," etc., serves to show how early was the conception, which lies at the basis of historic Christian theology, that Jesus was the manifestation in human life of an eternal personality. This third logion, which probably does not hand down the exact words of Jesus, is more akin to the style and thought of St. John, who narrates and thinks with theological subtlety and with literary art. The editors of the pamphlet are wisely moderate in their comments and theories. Final judgment will probably be reserved concerning these logia, until they have passed through the crucible of criticism; but of their great archaeological interest there can be little doubt.

"Mademoiselle Blanche"

By John D. Barry. Stone & Kimball.

"MADEMOISELLE BLANCHE" is one of the stories that have not been written before. It is a vigorous and original piece of work, and by far the best thing its author has yet produced. In fact, while Mr. Barry is not yet capable of producing a great novel, the promise of such ultimate achievement held out by this book is far from inconsiderable. It is one of those psychological novels, the subtlety of whose character-drawing does not dawn upon the reader until near the end, when the discovery becomes overwhelming in proportion to its unexpectedness. Mademoiselle Blanche is an acrobat who performs at the Cirque Parisien, her great act being a backward plunge from the top of the theatre into a net seventy-five feet below. She is young, beautiful, shy, *dévoté*, and carefully guarded by a watchful mother. M. Jules Le Baron, a little Parisian who clerks in a wool-house, but is possessed of a small independent income, sees the girl in her great performance, admires her immensely, seeks an acquaintance, and offers himself as a suitor. He ultimately marries Mademoiselle Blanche and becomes her manager. The book is really a very acute study of the character of Jules, who is the most abnormally selfish creature literature has produced since Tito Melema. His love-affair is apparently very real and charming, but the development of their married life shows that it is not Blanche the girl, but Blanche the acrobat, with whom he is infatuated, and the young wife, who has become the victim of a spinal disease, is killed in her attempt to win the man back by resuming the performance to which she is no longer equal.

This is tragedy, certainly, but it is very quiet, well-behaved and natural tragedy. The essential hideousness of Jules's nature is borne in upon the reader's mind as slowly as a similar conviction would arrive in real life, and with almost the same effect of sickening revulsion. The character is so real as to excite genuine and cordial hatred. The book is not recommended to people who object to taking their fiction seriously, but it will find deserved favor in the eyes of those who like to get the very sensations of life filtered through literature. In the matter of handling the English language, Mr. Barry is distinctly careless. He has an easy, flowing style which drags one along in its current. It is calculated to deceive the reader as to the kind of book he is reading, and furnishes a kind of gelatine-coating to the psychology which makes it "go down" easily with the unsuspecting, who might also be the unwilling. But it must detract from the merit of Mr. Barry's book in the eyes of the people who can best appreciate the kind of work he is trying to do.

"Bobbo," and Other Fancies"

By Thomas Wharton. Harper & Bros.

FROM THE introduction by Owen Wister which prefaces this volume the reader learns that the author of "Bobbo" died at the age of thirty-seven, just as that exquisite piece of work had brought within reach "the success toward which he had been groping for many patient, dauntless years." "Bobbo" is a fantasy, delicately and consistently unreal. It is as much a creation of the imagination as a Watteau landscape, but it is a finer thing than that, because with its artificial graces is subtly mingled a touch of vibrant human emotion. It is French in quality as well as in its setting, and it has that perfection of finish which we have come to call French, too. The lyric note is in it, and that element of pathos which perfect comedy requires. It lacks nothing that it should possess and its components are mingled by that unwritten recipe which produces masterpieces. If the author of "Bobbo" had other work of this character still to do, his death is a loss to American literature not lightly to be estimated. No one else is doing anything like this. The fantasy is a cousin to some of Mr. Bunner's more frankly humorous tales, but the kinship is not close, and it has no other relatives among us.

In addition the volume contains "The Last Sonnet of Prinzi-valle di Cembino," a delicate but less satisfying study in the fantastic vein, and some of Mr. Wharton's earlier stories and poems. These are all good enough, and pleasing enough, but they have not, as has the title-story, the authority of perfection. It is not a small achievement to have produced one piece of work which could not be bettered in its kind.

The Novels of H. de Balzac

Edited by George Saintsbury: 1. *Lost Illusions*. 2. *A Distinguished Provincial at Paris*. 3. *The Lily of the Valley*. 4. *A Woman of Thirty*. The Macmillan Co.

FOR THOSE interested in bibliography, as well as in romance, the tangled skein of Balzac's works is unrolling very satisfactorily in Mr. George Saintsbury's new edition of them. Each of the four new volumes before us is provided with two or three pages of preface and criticism, in which an attempt is made to fix each novel chronologically where it belongs, and an appreciation of the contents in brief form is undertaken. The etchings may be an embellishment, but they are not particularly helpful in understanding the text. "Lost Illusions" (1) is one of three charming and powerful tales, in which the novelist depicts the idyllic loves and sorrows of an inventor and his bride, the adventures of a young poet, and the intrigues and tittle-tattle of a provincial salon. Eve and David are characters of delightful simplicity and purity, quite apart from the usual passion-stained creations of this vehement genius. A part of the same trilogy is "A Distinguished Provincial at Paris" (2), who is no other than the poet of "Lost Illusions" turned journalist, and now revelling as a curled and scented darling in the intoxications of the capital. Never has the man who was great in his little country town, the "cynosure of all eyes," been more graphically described as he leaves his caressing environment, his *coterie* of admiring friends, and finds himself suddenly launched on the splendors and miseries of the great Babylon where he is absolutely unknown. Harpies and shylocks flock around him; his poems fade out of his jaded brain, and he is now entangled in a life-and-death struggle with direst want. Of course, there are Coralies and Florines to comfort him, and hirelings and mercenaries haunt the room of the despairing journalist; but what are all these to his "lost illusions," his vanished innocence, the memory of the lovely country he has abandoned, Eve and David and the beautiful lives they are living in the far away pleasant birthplace?

"The Lily of the Valley" (3) likewise depicts eloquently the glories of rural life in France, disfigured only by the morbid human passions which Balzac never fails to set in his prettiest surroundings. Its dance on the edges of forbidden things—even in a country paradise—is peculiarly Balzacian. The scene is laid amid the novelist's own early associations and haunts, and the character of Vandenesse, as Mr. Saintsbury remarks, is almost as autobiographical as that of Louis Lambert itself. Psychological problems of a peculiar sort, French to the core, absolutely impossible to an Anglo-Saxon unsophisticated by the reading of French novels, are discussed with opulent rhetoric in these burning pages, which do not crackle with unhallowed fires like the next book on our list—"A Woman of Thirty,"—but which hover with uncomfortable appetency around the waste spaces of the human heart. For "A Woman of Thirty" (4) there is really no excuse: it is the unwhole-

some product of the unnatural marriage system prevalent in southern Europe, by which a woman tied for life to a man whom she has never known revolts from the yoke after marriage and forms a *déjà* with the first handsome adventurer that comes along. "Elective affinity" is the basis of this hideous system, strengthened by prurient imagination, the false teachings of conventional life and the unrestrained license of married relations in Romance countries.

"Infancy and Childhood"

By Frances Fisher Wood. Harper & Bros.

THE OLD-FASHIONED books on the care of infants seem to have been written in order to terrify a mother with vivid descriptions of all the diseases her helpless offspring could possibly contract, and to teach the cure of those diseases by the administration of nauseating draughts. Mrs. Frances Fisher Wood shows us, in her little book, that prevention of disease is a more necessary study, for the home, than cure, and gives thoroughly practical advice and information on the feeding, sleeping, digestion and dressing of an infant, the preparation and nature of its food, and its systematic training, even from its birth. As she has tried her methods with success on her own baby, she is a safe guide for the inexperienced, and as she has no hobbies, but treats her subject in a temperate and sensible spirit, and wisely refrains from giving any "dosing" recipes usually so dear to the heart of the amateur, there is nothing in the book to rouse the ire of the most critical professional. There are some chapters on childhood written in the same easy, simple vein, and, while giving advice on the training of children, Mrs. Wood indirectly gives a good deal on the training of mothers. There is an excellent chapter on how "To Avoid Self-Consciousness." The book is within the comprehension of all, and should be of value to many perplexed young mothers. It will certainly prove a boon to many long-suffering babies.

"The Century Book of the American Revolution"

By Elbridge S. Brooks. The Century Co.

UNCLE TOM DUNLAP has five boys and girls in tow, when he starts out to visit the battlefields of the Revolution; but five times five thousand would more nearly express the number that follows in his footsteps, when he prints the story of his wanderings. The way for the present book was paved by "The Century Book for Young Americans" and "The Century Book of Famous Americans," and the same plan has been followed in preparing the work that completes the trilogy. The little party of patriotic tourists begins its peregrinations at Cambridge, and follows the course of the Revolution *via* Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill, New York, Brooklyn, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, the Hudson River and the Mohawk Valley, Georgia, the Carolinas and Virginia. The scene of every famous fight is visited, its events rehearsed, its monuments described and their inscriptions jotted down; and when the youngsters return from their extended travels, they know the story of the struggle for American freedom better far than they could have learned it from six months' reading of printed books. For Mr. Brooks refills with marrow the dry bones of history, reclothes them with firm flesh, and makes the dead past live again in his spirited narrative. The kodak is his unfailing *vade mecum*, and does its full share in summoning before the reader the scenes immortalized by our ancestors over a century ago.

"Fletcher of Saltoun"

"FLETCHER OF SALTOUN," by G. W. T. Omond, is a new volume in the Famous Scots Series. Though less known to the average student of history and literature than most of the other Scotchmen who have been included in the series—Carlyle, Allan Ramsay, Hugh Miller, John Knox, Burns, Chalmers, etc.—he nevertheless deserves the recognition thus accorded him. His biography has been written only once before—by the Earl of Buchan in 1792,—but that work, though based on original sources of information, was inadequate and inaccurate. Rousseau meditated a life of Fletcher, and was furnished with material for it, but the plan was given up. The present work, though brief (about 150 pages), seems to be carefully done, and is a worthy memorial of one of whom Lockhart says:—"He was a learned, gallant, honest, and every other way well accomplished gentleman; and if ever a man proposes to serve and merit well of his country, let him place his courage, zeal and constancy well before him, and think himself sufficiently applauded and rewarded by obtaining the character of being like Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun." (Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.)

The Out-of-Door Library

In four vols. Vol. III. *Athletic Sports*. Vol. IV. *Mountain Climbing*. Charles Scribner's Sons.

IN THE third volume of this series reprinted from *Scribner's Magazine*, Dr. D. A. Sargent treats of the physical proportions of the typical man and of the athlete; and others of golf, bicycling, lawn tennis, surf bathing and hunt clubs in America. Dr. Sargent bemoans the tendency to make "sport," *i. e.*, the high training of individuals in specialties, an end in itself, rather than a means to health and strength, and shows how this restricts the number of active members of athletic clubs, by increasing the expense, the time devoted to training, etc. But he fails to get at the true inwards of the matter, which is betting. The unavowed object of many, if not of most, of our athletic clubs, is to produce an expert or two on whom money may be laid with a good chance of winning, and the excessive expense is tolerated as a means to that end. The unbalanced development of the specialized athlete is shown in a number of suggestive photographic illustrations.

Mountain-climbing is unlike most other sports, in that it is enjoyed in its perfection by very few. It is also particularly difficult to convey a sense of its fascinations in words. Of the writers whose essays are collected here, several have the gift of picturesque description. Foremost, perhaps, should come Mr. H. F. B. Lynch, whose account of "The Ascent of Mount Ararat" combines personal adventure and scientific and pictorial observation. Mr. Jaccaci's "An Ascent of Mount Etna" is brilliantly descriptive and discursive; and Mr. Edwin Lord Weeks's "Some Episodes of Mountain Climbing" in the Alps shows the careful eye and the retentive memory of the artist. But none is so successful as Sir W. Martin Conway, in "A Thousand Miles through the Alps," in communicating to the reader the excitement of the climb. The other writers whose work is included in the volume are Mr. Edward L. Wilson, who describes "Mount Washington in Winter," and Mr. William Williams and Mr. Mark Brickell Kerr, who tell of Mount St. Elias and its glaciers. The volume is abundantly and handsomely illustrated.

Natural History Lightly Treated

WE DO NOT object on principle to the many well-meant efforts that are being made to import into the drier parts of science a little human interest in the way of fiction. But the myth ought to be as good, in its way, as the science. Unluckily such is seldom the case, and, in too many instances, lessons which would have an interest of their own for readers of fifteen or upwards, are supposed to be accommodated to the tastes and capacities of small children, by adding fancies that might amuse the nursery to descriptions in which long and learned terms abound, and theories that can hardly be fully grasped by the adult. Such is, in a measure, the case with "In Brook and Bayou," by Clara Kern Bayliss, in which the beginnings of animal life in the protozoa and metazoa are dealt with by this mixed method. Under a drawing of an amoeba, with its "pulsating vacuole" and "nucleus" duly marked, the reader is told that the amoeba family are "all ladies. There isn't a man or a boy among them. They are very domestic and seldom travel abroad." Yet "you will find these ladies very entertaining company." Farther on, the paramcium, the cileps and the vorticella discuss metaphysics like so many blue stockings; that is to say, without a trace of the humor or understanding that might be expected from protozoan philosophers. This is the more to be regretted because the little book might easily have been made a useful manual for beginners in biology, and because it is the first of a new series of Home Reading Books, edited by United States Commissioner of Education W. T. Harris. The illustrations, when they have not a "humorous" or "decorative" intent, are very good, indeed. (D. Appleton & Co.)

THE LATE William Hamilton Gibson was hardly less known to young readers for his familiar essays on common natural forms and phenomena, than for the very beautiful drawings which illustrated them. But his writings, though good in their way, should be considered as little more than a text to carry the illustrations. Many of these are superior, both for accuracy and beauty, to most other drawings of their kind. In "Eye Spy," a collection of essays on the minute and not commonly understood forms of nature, will be found artistic sketches of birds, beetles and butterflies that might excite the envy of Giacomelli, pictures of "foxfire" or phosphorescence, and drawings showing the fertilization of flowers by bees, the formation of rose galls and oak galls, of the scarab and

his globe, of grasshoppers, paper-wasps, spiders and others of that type. These drawings have mostly been reproduced in half tone, but much more carefully than is usual, and but little is lost of the artist's crisp and clever touch. The book is well printed in bold, large type, and has a charming cover-design of bees in silver, gold and colors. (Harper & Bros.)

IN THE FORM of conversations between a naturalist, his daughter, his little nephew and niece, a country boy, a fisherman and an old colored nurse, Mabel Osgood Wright and Dr. Elliott Coues have brought together much reliable information about "Citizen Bird," his family-tree, his manners, customs, government and occupations. In the Doctor's wonder-room, lined with stuffed birds and pictures of birds, and in the surrounding fields and orchards, Citizen Bird's peculiarities are discussed, and there are found to be several kinds of him, singers, peepers and creepers, mockers and scolders and many others. In short, it is shown that bird nature is as varied and almost as interesting as human nature, which it closely resembles. The illustrations with which the volume is profusely adorned are half-tone engravings from very clever drawings by Louis Agassiz Fuertes, who is to be praised for catching the characteristic movements and attitudes of his subjects, even if we must give the larger share of the credit to the mounter of the specimens from which he has worked. The book has received the most careful treatment at the publishers' hands, and is a welcome addition to the growing list of Mrs. Wright's nature-studies—"Birdcraft," "Tommy-Anne" and "The Friendship of Nature." (Macmillan Co.)

THE FLOWERS, birds and insects that take to the road in summer are innumerable, and, though none of them keeps strictly to the public way, many are fonder of it than of the fields or woods. Mr. F. Schuyler Mathews has therefore, in "Familiar Features of the Roadside," selected a subject that has both variety and distinction. He takes us by Plymouth meadows and Sleepy Hollow among the early wild flowers and the willow catkins, and notes down the airs, in minor key, sung by *chorophilus triseriatus* and Pickering's frog the first minstrels of the spring. A search for early-flowering shrubs, the cornels, elders, buttonbush and spicebush, is undertaken along a road in Bucks County, Penn., and the rose family, with its many branches, is studied while we tramp along by Sankaty Headlight at Nantucket and on the shores of Orchard Lake, in Michigan. Thus home travel and adventure are associated with the study of cricket songs and bird songs and the mutually helpful relations of flowers, birds and insects. The author's drawings of small objects are excellent; but he should have employed some more facile pencil than his own in preparing the views of mountain, woodland and meadow that accompany them. (D. Appleton & Co.)

"IF ONE would learn something of the action of the laws that govern the life and development of organized beings, and at the same time experience the pleasure derived from original investigation, he cannot find a better field than is offered by the study of insects." It is in this belief that Prof. John Henry Comstock has written "Insect Life," as an introduction to the study of nature and a guide for teachers and others interested in that study. His book is divided into two parts. The first treats of insect life arranged according to habitats, in chapters on "Pond Life," "Brook Life," "Orchard Life," "Forest Life" and "Roadside Life," with introductory chapters on insect anatomy, the study of metamorphoses and classification. The second gives full practical instructions on the collecting and classification of specimens, breeding and kindred topics. The insect chosen for dissection and special study is the common locust; but the metamorphoses of butterflies and beetles are also gone into; and, in the succeeding chapters, most of our common insects are described and figured. The illustrations, engraved on wood by Anna B. Comstock, are a most valuable feature of the book. They are numerous, mostly of the size of life, and are admirably exact, giving not merely the forms, but also the gradations of shades and varieties of texture of the objects figured, with minute fidelity to nature. The work is provided with an index. (D. Appleton & Co.)

The Lounger

THE HARTFORD *Courant* thinks that if Hall Caine's "The Christian" is worth \$50,000 to its author, Thackeray should have received \$1,000,000 for "Vanity Fair." *The Sun* raises the *Courant's* figures, and says that, if the merit of the work is considered, "Vanity Fair" must have been worth \$5,000,000. This is quite true, but merit is not the basis of payment; if it were, I could name a dozen authors who would be starving in their garrets to-day, instead of living on the fat of the land. Mr. Kipling is one of the few authors who is paid for his worth and not for his popularity. There are many authors whose books outsell his by thousands, but who are not so well paid. I doubt if more than 50,000 copies of any of his books have been sold in this country; yet he is paid a higher rate than authors whose stories sell twice as well.

PUBLISHERS and editors want Mr. Kipling because he appeals to the best class of readers, and they get more compliments and more advertising by publishing his tales than those of almost any other living writer. One reason why Mr. Kipling's books do not sell to the extent of those of Miss Marie Corelli, for instance, is that he is not a great favorite with women readers. I do not mean to say that he has no admirers among women—that would be a reflection upon the sex,—but I mean to say that he is a man's writer. This is due not only to the fact that he is a masculine writer, for women are devoted admirers of Hardy and Meredith, though not so much of Stevenson. It is, I think, because he does not write love-stories any more than Stevenson did. A novelist, to be popular, must make love the burden of his tale. It is the same with plays. While the popularity of "Romeo and Juliet" never wanes, the most talented actors find it hard to get an audience for "Henry IV."

MME. SARAH GRAND has named her forthcoming novel, which Messrs. Appleton will publish in November, "The Beth Book." This title does not seem at all felicitous—the more so as it sounds like a lisping pronunciation of "Best." But what's in a name if a book has its audience waiting for it? Beth is the name of the heroine, and the story is of her life, from the beginning to the end. Those in a position to know say that it is largely autobiographical.

DR. ROBERTSON NICOLL is sorry to hear, and so am I, "that Mr. W. M. Rossetti is preparing another new book on his brother and sister. The general opinion is that quite enough has been published about Dante Rossetti, and that Mr. Rossetti himself has left very little untold in the last work. A great many painful things that might well have been left in silence were revealed. Mr. W. M. Rossetti might be better employed than in narratives of this kind." When outsiders do this sort of thing they are called ghouls. It seems to me that even a stronger term of reproach might be applied to a man who turns his family skeletons into merchandise.

LONDON thinks that in putting its messenger boys on roller skates it has made a great advance on New York. This only shows how easy it is to be mistaken. Our messenger boys used roller skates when they were infants; as messengers they ride bigger wheels, having been mounted on bicycles for at least two years. London will have to supply its messengers with balloons to get ahead of New York; but by that time ours would be using flying-machines.



MR. GEORGE GISSING

MR. GEORGE GISSING was the subject of an appreciative study and biographical sketch, contributed to the *Rochester Union and Advertiser*, some time since, by Mr. George N. Hilliard. The novelist is forty years of age, a conscientious student of social conditions and a painstaking writer; and his biographer thinks that, good as are "Demos," "New Grub Street" and "The Emancipated," his masterpiece is still to come, and that he may yet be accounted the ablest English novelist of his day. Mr. Gissing is a fairly prolific, as well as a strong and artistic writer, and his audience is steadily widening. At the time when Mr. Hilliard wrote of him, he was a busy recluse, living at Epsom, on the Worples road, twelve miles from London.

"He has a tiny house and the merest workshop of a study. It always amuses him to see pictures of the abodes of well-known authors, many of them sumptuous in their fittings. He has always lived in true Bohemian fashion, having no income other than that derived from the sale of his books, and up to now their sales have been ridiculously small. By dint of magazine work he has just begun to earn more than a bare sustenance. He thinks that the pessimistic trend of his books has prevented their being widely read. He can no longer live in London, his health being precarious, though he spends many days in the metropolis searching for characters and incidents for his stories. At Epsom he has the fresh air and the splendid downs to walk over. His life is one of seclusion. He has no part in ordinary social existence, and he does not desire it. His nerves are easily untuned and he requires quiet. 'I like to be left alone to do my work as best I can,' he said in a recent letter. 'I spend a day now and then at the British Museum, and, of course, I ramble about the great town in search of material for books and stories.'"

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT has taken quarters in the country near New York, to enjoy the benefits of seclusion and quiet and at the same time to be within easy reach of her publisher, and also of her manager. The dramatized version of "A Lady of Quality" will be given first in the West and later in New York.

Mrs. Burnett says that this western performance is not for the purpose of trying the play on a dog, as they say in "the profession," but that the actors may get thoroughly used to their parts before they appear in the metropolis. The dramatization of this novel was the most difficult task ever undertaken by Mrs. Burnett, for there was so much in the book that could not be put into a play. In spite of these difficulties, she is very well satisfied with the stage version of the novel, and believes that in the hands of the capable actors who will take the leading parts it will make a success. It is full of action, and that is the main thing in a play. Miss Julia Arthur will play Clorinda, and Mr. Edward Arden will be the John Oxon.

APPROPOS OF Mrs. Burnett: While writing the foregoing paragraph I received the following letter from Mr. J. T. Lee of Madison, Wis.:—"Autograph collecting has been my hobby for several years, and I have reason to believe that I have been more successful than the general run of fiends. A recent addition to my collection I prize highly; and thinking you might be interested in its perusal, I copy it for you below. It is from Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett:—

"DEAR MR. LEE—I should think that nothing would be so likely to obtain an autograph as an unaffected, courteous request. If I had time I could write a rather interesting article on this subject. It is not a small one, and involves good breeding, knowledge of the world and an intelligent perception of the singular and painful fact that there are only twenty-four hours in a day; and that a woman or man who writes books has the same sordid need of a few of them as a washerwoman or a bricklayer. One of the curious scientific discoveries future ages will make, will be that books are not written while authors are lying on beds of roses, fanned by the wandering breezes of heaven. I am one of those who resent profuse flattery. In the first place, it is an impertinence as it argues that one is at once unused to hearing amiable things, and weak enough of mind to be immediately elated and spurred to lavishness by them. Then, also, letters containing it always recall to me those other letters, beginning, 'Madam: Having heard of your charitable deeds, and reputation for noble generosity, I take my pen in hand . . . to ask you to support my family, . . . to buy me a piano, . . . to pay my debts,' etc. Thank you that your letter confined itself to a statement plain and frank enough to be accepted with a sense of pleasure. It has lured me, you see, into writing a letter instead of a mere card. Appreciation which is real and simple, one would be a poor thing not to value."

I UNDERSTAND that Mr. S. R. Crockett has declined the offer of \$30,000 made to him by Major Pond for a series of readings and lectures in this country.

IS THERE anything in the air of Norway that causes the hair of its distinguished citizens to stand on end? I am induced to ask this question after regarding the portraits of Nansen and Ibsen that accompany Mr. I. N. Ford's very interesting letter on "Life in Christiania" published in the *Tribune* of Sept. 5. Ibsen's hair has long been familiar to us. It stands out in silken puffs all around his head, while that of Nansen rises fiercely up from the middle of his forehead, like quills upon the fretful porcupine. That other distinguished Norwegian, Björnsterne Björnson, whom I remember seeing when he visited this country some years ago, also wore his hair like an aureole around his head. I wonder how the ordinary every-day citizen of Norway wears his hair. Does he, too, comb it up from his forehead, or is that only a distinguishing mark of genius?

MR. FORD, by the way, writes entertainingly of Nansen and Ibsen. The former, he says, "lives in a little hamlet outside the town close to the water, where he can go yachting whenever he is

weary of his library. It is a modest house, with small rooms unpretentiously furnished, and the door is always open. If one enters it the chances are that he will find the lower rooms empty and be forced to knock at a door upstairs before the tall, lithe athlete can be induced to break away from his work." He is at present engaged in reading the proof-sheets of the Norwegian edition of his book. Mr. Ford describes Nansen as taking "an almost boyish pleasure in his good fortune and fame." He has a fine yacht and has ordered a new and better one, and his snug home among the cliffs and woods will be replaced by a larger and more comfortable house. "Prosperity," says Mr. Ford, "has come to him, but it has not inflated his vanity nor unbalanced his judgment. He is a man of singular simplicity of nature and nobility of character."

CHRISTIANIA's other famous citizen has not the geniality of Nansen, who is worshiped by his fellow-countrymen. Ibsen, on the contrary, lives by himself and to himself. His is the most familiar figure in the streets of Christiania, but, "although every man, woman and child knows him by sight, he does not seem to have acquaintances or friends. He usually carries a bundle of newspapers in his hand and passes rapidly through the hotel corridor to the open-air gallery of the dining-room. He does not bow nor speak to anyone, but takes a chair at a small table, and, after ordering a bottle of wine or gin, becomes deeply absorbed in his package of newspapers." It is in the latter that he "finds the source of his inspiration, and also of his pessimism, for it is a daily record of the foibles, vanities and evil passions of humanity." And yet he abhors journalists, Mr. R. H. Sherard in particular, and denounces them all as calumniators. Of his personal appearance Mr. Ford says:—"He has thick white hair, keen blue eyes behind a pair of close-fitting spectacles, and coarse features. There is intellect in his forehead, sharpness of perception in his eyes, a suggestion of ill-temper in his nose and downright pessimism in his mouth—his worst feature."

MRS. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, I hear, has gone to Mannheim, in Germany, for the famous cure about which Dr. Kidd has recently published a book.

I HAVE received the following from Mr. Walter Bliss, Secretary of the American Publishing Co. of Hartford, Conn.:—

"Referring to the Lounger's paragraph in *The Critic* of Sept. 4, regarding Mark Twain's forthcoming book, 'Following the Equator,' we desire to state that no such arrangement as mentioned exists between Mr. Clemens and ourselves. He is, however, very materially, and to a great degree, interested in the profits of the sale of every copy of the book, and we have understood that, having refused the aid of a great newspaper and the proffered help of many friends, he hopes and believes that he will realize a large amount from his book to be able to pay in full his unfortunate business debts which weigh upon him so heavily."

The paragraph referred to said that Mr. Clemens had already been paid \$40,000 for "Following the Equator," and that he was to receive \$10,000 more, which would complete the sum due him for the book. I had excellent authority for the statement—an intimate friend of Mr. Clemens, who, I understood, had received his information direct from the distinguished author while visiting him in England during the summer just past.

J. H. W. WRITES:—"Your dusky exhorter's 'publishers and sinners' reminds me of the prayer of a good brother (not dusky) in our church, who besought the Lord 'to prepare us for that goal to which we are all hastening.'"

"Mrs. Malaprop"

OB. 31 AUG. 1897.

SHALL laurel crown the genius that essays
Tribute of tears from pity to beguile,
And scander or less verdant be the bays
Vouchsafed the equal art which makes us smile?

Not hers to wear beneath the tragic mask
The sombre visage of Melpomene:
She sought instead the more congenial task,
And chose Thalia's joyous self to be.

Divinely dowered, it was hers to know
The potent charm by Art to Nature lent:
She came upon the scene; she spoke; and lo!
The hours were filled with measureless content,

And boundless laughter—happy he who laughs,
Rather than he whose sole thought is to preach—
What "nice derangement," hers, "of epitaphs";
What placid carnage of the parts of speech.

Exit. Secure forever is her fame,
Her niche in Art's great Pantheon achieved;
And men, hereafter, when they speak her name,
Shall say, The world was brighter that she lived!

NASHVILLE, TENN.

R. L. C. WHITE.

London "Empty"

WHILE THE "off season" is steadily lengthening in New York, from year to year, it is said to be as steadily shortening in London. New Yorkers who can get away from town for six months or more do so, instead of making a brief stay of two or three months in the country. But even when they are all away, New York is still a very crowded and busy city. Some years ago, Mrs. Walford was criticized for writing, in one of her weekly letters to *The Critic*, that London was "empty," at a certain season. The same statement has recently been made (as it is made every year) by others, and this is the way *The Sketch* comments upon it:—

"London is still empty"—of course, though 'people' are beginning to come back. That is the usual news paragraph of the Silly Season. As a matter of fact, taking my own case, not one of the friends are away as I write these lines. And how sensible of them to linger still in London, for save in spring I do not know another season when it is more pleasant. As a matter of fact, as *The World* pointed out last week, the old craze of inordinate absences from town is dying out. Each year the cubs shorten their close time, and people are content to put up with a diminished vacation at this season.

"There's not a soul in Rotten Row"—
The ladies' papers tell me so;
And yet, wherever else I go,
The Park is full.
For Demos lingers at the show
On chair and stool.

No more the blazoned coaches clank,
The ponies of my Lady Blank,
Well bearing-reined, no longer spank
In senseless line;
Yet in a bansom from the rank
You're free to shine.

Her Grace may seek another land,
Yet London's lovers hand in hand
Come out o' nights to hear the band
As heretofore,
And still, when darkness falls, they stand
Entranced by Spohr.

The white-gowned nurses and the lambs,
Who soon will follow Fashion's shams,
Have vanished with their mighty ma'ams
Where Fashion bids;
Their places filled by humbler 'prams
And sticky kids.

When Sunday comes the church parade
Is scarcely in the least decayed.
For eastern belles and beaux invade
The shady walk—
Though Fashion might declare that 'trade'
Did mark their talk.

This 'London's-empty'-cry we raise
Is but a euphemistic phrase
To indicate that summer days
Are on the wane;
The belle departs; the gallant plays
The rural swain.

And yet my London's just the same,
Though dukes depart to slaughter game,
Though duchesses fine and doughty dame
At Spas arrive.
The *Morning Post* may find it tame,
But I survive."

London Letter

THOSE WHO are reputed to know pronounce that we are to have a very lively book-season this autumn. To some extent, no doubt, the wish is father to the thought. For the spring season was drained by the Jubilee, and it has been, generally speaking, one of the duller years within the memory of the oldest bookseller. Certain it is that there will be an immense number of books published. Lately the drift of one belated season has swept into another with so sure a sequence that half the books published have been bound and waiting for from three to six months; and there is naturally an unusually large remainder from the sterile summer. But people are beginning to read at last, and I was told at Mudie's Library, yesterday, that there is a brisk demand for fiction—principally, it is true, for "The Christian." The first 50,000 copies of that work are all sold out, and 20,000 more issue from the bindery this evening. All around are signs of renewed vitality, and the theatres expect to be equally busy. Among the newest managers is Mr. FitzRoy Gardner, for many years proprietor of *Woman*, and more recently acting manager to Mr. Beerbohm Tree. He has taken the Avenue, and will open shortly with a triple bill.

But of course, by far the most interesting event of the week for all lovers of literature is Mr. Forbes Robertson's revival of "Hamlet," due to-morrow night at the Lyceum. If we do not find here the ideal Hamlet of the poets and the thinkers, many of us will be strangely disappointed. Every fresh Hamlet brings his innovation, and Mr. Robertson's is the reinstitution of Fortinbras—a move which many critics declare in advance to be an inspiration, but which will have to prove its justification from the point of view of stage-effect. He proposes to make the King and Queen younger than usual—not much over forty,—which is bound to be an improvement. I understand that on the first night Mrs. Patrick Campbell is to carry, in Ophelia's mad-scenes, a bouquet of a rare sort of feathery thistle, upon which Mr. Robertson had long set his heart. The difficulty was to find any, and the usual markets had been scoured in vain, when it was discovered that the Surrey garden of an old friend of the actor was full of the desired plant. Whether it is proposed to draw upon the friend's generosity for the run of the piece is a question as yet undiscussed.

Many places claimed to be the birthplace of Homer, and there has been some doubt about the village which had the honor of giving birth to Elizabeth Barrett Browning. *The Academy*, always interesting and well-informed, gives this week an account of some of the errors which have been made. It was once believed that Hope End, Herefordshire, was the spot: this theory was rebutted by Mr. J. H. Ingram. Then followed a period in which it was held that she saw the light in London, on 14 March 1809. Robert Browning himself eventually believed that his wife was born on 6 March 1806, at Carlton Hall, Durham, the residence of her father's brother, though at one time he authorized the statement that 6 March 1809 was the date, and Burn Hall, Durham, the place. All doubts, however, are now cleared up, and the tablet set up to her memory this week in Kelloe Church, in the county of Durham, sets the matter right for futurity. The inscription runs:—"To commemorate the birth in this parish of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who was born at Coxhoe Hall, March 6, 1806, and died at Florence, July 29, 1861. A great poetess, a noble woman, a devoted wife. Erected by public subscription, 1897." A quiet and pleasant inscription enough, though it is a pity that the unfortunate word "poetess" should be perpetuated in marble to

honor the greatest poet that English womanhood has thus far produced.

Yet another library of the poets is all but ready, and here again is to be a very worthy edition. The publishers are Messrs. George Bell & Sons, and the series is to be called the "Endymion." Hence, very fittingly, it starts with Keats. It is to be an illustrated reprint, with pictures by the best black-and-white artists. The Keats has been intrusted to Mr. Anning Bell; and Browning—or such of him as is not copyright—will follow, illustrated by Mr. Byham Shaw. There is to be no striving after effect, no eccentricity either in pictures or type-setting. The idea is to present a comely, clear and dignified edition, free from anything like excess in decoration. The publication will be commenced in the present autumn.

The net system of publishing is apparently moribund, for its leading exponent, Mr. John Lane, announces this week that he will have no more of it. Or, rather, his fiction and his juvenile books will in future be issued at discount prices; and, in view of the present "slump" in poetry, fiction is naturally the chief product of the Bodley Head. Mr. Lane is no doubt wise, for the booksellers could never be made to love the net system. His decision, however, has been affected in the present instance by the proposed change in book-selling terms. Consequently, he will bring out his new novels at six shillings, and the public will get them, as usual, at four shillings and sixpence.

Even in these days of cheap fiction, there are still people who read Hegel; and there is always a steady demand for his work translated into English. Miss Elizabeth Haldane, who was associated with her brother in the standard translation of the German philosopher, has this summer supplemented her work by a sort of anthology or treasury of his most pregnant passages—his "Wisdom and Religion," as she calls it. The extracts do not exceed some twenty lines each, and are chosen with a view to exhibiting Hegel in as many different lights as possible. For those who know their Hegel, the book will serve as a souvenir of purple patches.

LONDON, 10 Sept. 1897.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

The New Public Library of Chicago

THE COMPLETION of the new home of the Public Library of Chicago is a marked event in the history of the city. It is a matter, too, of more than local interest, for it is an evidence that the transition stage is passing in the culture of the West. Henceforth this valued institution, which is a credit to Chicago and has played no small part in its intellectual advancement, will have a building to itself. Once out of its present cramped quarters and disagreeable surroundings, it will have an opportunity to grow.

The new Library building in Michigan Avenue, at the foot of Randolph and Washington Streets, is a massive, imposing structure of marble, iron and stone. With all the modern facilities for storing and handling books (it has room for 2,000,000 volumes), it may be called an ideal library for reference and circulating purposes. The Boston Public Library is the only other American Library that invites comparison with it. Of course, it cannot vie with the architectural glories of the Congressional Library at Washington, and, while it can boast some fine artistic embellishments, it has not Boston's mural paintings. But so far as convenience to the public and general utility go, the Public Library of Chicago is no doubt superior to that of Boston. Time will tell what may be its defects of construction, but it seems to be admirably fitted to meet the requirements of a large circulating library. As one wanders through its spacious rooms and long corridors, he is impressed with Chicago's rapid progress in the finer things that make up civilization, for this well-equipped library is an index of the city's marvelous development during the last two or three decades. It shows that the people of the western metropolis have not entirely forgotten the traditions and ideals of culture. In the rush and din of business, they have not wholly neglected the higher life of man. They have recognized the value of the public library as an educator and liberally supported it.

Chicago's Public Library was founded after the great fire of 1871, and now its collection of books and bound volumes of periodicals and newspapers, etc., numbers nearly 300,000. Some of the old-time readers may remember the dingy rooms in the top story of the old building at the corner of Dearborn and Lake Streets, where the Library was domiciled in the seventies and eighties. Here the distinguished Librarian, Dr. W. F. Poole, and his assistants served the public well under trying disadvantages. More space was gained when the Library removed to the top floor

of the City Hall, which was its temporary home for the last decade or more. For years its accommodations were inadequate to meet the Library's growing wants—to say nothing of such deficiencies as poor light, bad ventilation and the like. It is a matter of congratulation that the new building, erected at a cost of \$2,000,000, is at last ready for occupancy. In appearance it is not unlike the stately Newberry Library, but it far surpasses the latter in its interior decorations. It is, indeed, a palace of books. The most striking feature is the south entrance, with its polished walls inlaid here and there with mosaic, and its beautiful stairway of white Carrara marble. The ceiling of the delivery-room is richly ornamented. Passing by the artistic features, the book-lover is curious to learn something of the architectural character of this grand edifice and the fitness of its appointments, whether usefulness as a library has been kept in view rather than outward magnificence. It is not a lofty structure—only three and a half stories. In the centre of the first floor are the rooms for employees; the delivery station and bindery rooms are at the south end, and at the north end the rooms for the bound volumes of newspapers, patents and public documents. On the south side of the second floor are the suites of apartments for Librarian F. H. Hild and Assistant-Librarian William B. Wickersham, who have been connected with the Public Library during many years of faithful and efficient service. The rest of this floor is chiefly taken up by the circulating department and the halls of the Grand Army. The soldiers' rooms on the north side of this floor are, strictly speaking, not parts of the Library. On the third floor is the reading-room, occupying its entire north end. It is large enough to accommodate 340 readers. One cannot help contrasting this light, pleasant room and its superb furnishings with the small reading-room, so miserably lighted, opposite the noisy Council Chamber in the malodorous City Hall. Here is a great gain. On the east side of this floor is the reference department, and it is an inviting place for the student. About its immense oak tables can gather no less than 176 readers. The lights are but a short distance above the tables, and globes shield the eyes from the brilliant rays. Visitors to the reference department of the Public Library have hitherto suffered much inconvenience on account of dim light. Those of the regular frequenters who have any eyesight left will appreciate this change, as well as the increased comfort and elegance. Beyond are the special study rooms, where the scholar can work in quiet and seclusion, with abundance of material at hand, utilizing the tools and helps which a private library cannot command. At the top of the building are the Directors' room and the art-room.

CHICAGO, 15 Sept. 1897.

EUGENE PARSONS.

"The Spectator" and its Late Editor

IN A WELL-CONSIDERED editorial inspired by the announcement of the death of Richard Holt Hutton, *The Outlook* says:—

"His permanent contribution to English literature is embodied in six volumes of essays—literary, biographical and theological; but he is best known to the thoughtful students of contemporaneous English life and thought as the editor of the *London Spectator*. This position he had held since 1861, and his influence in it has been so pervasive that the most experienced and critical student of its pages would find it difficult to determine which articles had emanated from his pen, and which had only been inspired by his thought and imbued by his spirit. The circulation of *The Spectator* has, we believe, never been large; but its influence has been great, because it has circulated among thought-leaders, and, by its spirit, temper and intelligence, has exerted a formative influence among a class of readers who were themselves forming the opinions of others. Less academic and scholastic than *The Academy*, less brilliant than *The Saturday Review*, it has been more vital and purposeful than either, and, therefore, more influential. In humaneness of sympathy it has been superior to *The Academy*, in sobriety and seriousness to *The Saturday Review*. It has never been neutral on any question; but if to be partisan is to be the advocate of a party rather than a principle, it has never been partisan. The readers of *The Spectator*, whether they agreed with it or not, have always felt sure that its editor sought only to know and declare the truth, with absolute indifference as to how the truth would affect his subscription list. This singleness of character has given to Mr. Hutton's writings their charm and their influence—a charm and an influence due to a judicial temper and a clear, prophetic vision."

Fall Announcements of Books

(Concluded from last week.)

American Academy of Political and Social Science

"The Shiftless and Floating City Population," by E. T. Devine; "The Problems of Political Science," by L. S. Rowe; "Administrative Centralization and Decentralization in England," by J. T. Young; "The Philosophical Basis of Economics," by S. Sherwood; "Current Transportation Topics," by E. R. Johnson; and "An Examination of Bryce's American Commonwealth," by E. J. James, new edition.

Edward Arnold

"Old English Glasses: An Account of Glass Drinking-Vessels in England from Early Times to the End of the Eighteenth Century," with introductory notices of Continental glasses during the same period, original documents, etc., by Albert Hartshorne, with nearly seventy full-page tinted or colored plates and several hundred outline illustrations in the text; "The Autobiography and Letters of the Rt. Hon. John Arthur Roebuck, Q.C., M.P.," edited by Robert Eadon Leader, with two portraits; "Recollections of Aubrey De Vere," "A Memoir of Anne J. Clough, Principal of Newnham College, Cambridge," by her niece, Bertha Clough; "British Central Africa: An Attempt to give some Account of a Portion of the Territories under British Influence North of the Zambezi," by Sir Harry H. Johnston, with six maps and 220 illustrations; two new volumes in the Sportsman's Library: "Reminiscences of a Huntsman," by the Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley, with a colored frontispiece and the original illustrations by John Leech, and several colored plates and other illustrations by G. H. Jalland; and "The Art of Deer-Stalking," by William Scrope, with frontispiece by Edwin Landseer, and eight photogravure plates of the original illustrations; a book on "Rowing," by R. C. Lehmann, with chapters by Guy Nicholls and C. M. Pitman, with illustrations; "Benin: The City of Blood," by Commander Bacon, R.N., illustrated by W. H. Overend; "The Chippendale Period in English Furniture," by K. Warren Clouston, with over 150 illustrations by the author; "Lessons in Old Testament History," by A. S. Aglen, D.D.; "Style," by Walter Raleigh; "Rome: The Middle of the World," by A. I. Gardner, with illustrations and map; "The Bad Child's Book of Beasts," by H. B. and B. B., illustrated; "More Beasts (For Worse Children)," by H. B. and B. B., illustrated; "The Invisible Man," by H. G. Wells; "An African Millionaire," by Grant Allen; "The Son of a Peasant," by Edward McNulty; "The King With Two Faces," by M. E. Coleridge; "Netherdyke," by R. J. Charleton; "Paul Mercer," by the Hon. Rev. James Adderley; "Job Hildred: Artist and Carpenter," by Ellen F. Pinsent; and "Ballads of the Fleet," by Rennell Rodd.

Henry Carey Baird & Co.

"The Manufacture of Leather: Being a Description of All of the Processes for the Tanning, Tawing, Currying, Finishing and Dyeing of Every Kind of Leather," by Charles Thomas Davis, with 147 engravings and fourteen samples of leather, new edition, revised; "The Practical Tool-Maker and Designer: Comprising a Full Description of the Latest Construction of Tools and Fixtures for Machine Tools," by Herbert S. Wilson, with 250 engravings; and "A Complete Treatise on the Electro-Deposition of Metals," translated from the German of Dr. George Langbein, with additions, by Wm. T. Brannat, third edition, revised and enlarged.

James Pott & Co.

"Genesis and Modern Science," by Warren R. Perce, with astronomical plates, maps, colored diagrams, etc., being a treatise based upon the nebular hypothesis, and demonstrating the scientific accuracy and literal truthfulness of the Scriptural records of the Creation and the Deluge, by means of recent discoveries in astronomy, geology and other sciences; "The Origin and Early History of the Church in Britain," by the Rev. Andrew Gray, M.A.; "Outlines of a Philosophy of Religion," based on psychology and history, by Auguste Sabatier; "Five Hundred Stories and Illustrations," collected and arranged for the Christian year for the use of clergymen and teachers, by the Rev. Walker Gwynne; and "The Holy Land and the Bible," by Cunningham Geikie, D.D., new edition.

George W. Jacobs & Co.

"The Latimers," a tale of the Western insurrection of 1794, by Henry Christopher McCook; "A Dear Little Girl," by Amy E. Blanchard, with illustrations by the author; "Ole Rabbit's Plantation Stories," as told among the Negroes of the southwest, collected from original sources, by Mary Alicia Owen, with introduction by Charles Godfrey Leland, and illustrations by Juliette A. Owen and Louis Wain; "Daughters of Æsculapius," stories written by the alumnae and students of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, and edited by a committee appointed by the Students' Association of the College; "Reasons for the Higher Criticism of the Hexateuch," by the Rev. Isaac Gibson, with an introduction by the Rev. Willis Hatfield Hazard; "The Merry Minstrelsy: Everybody's Book of Humorous Poetry," edited by W. Spencer Jackson; "The Illustrated Book of Puzzles," selected by Don Lemon; "Everybody's Guide to Photography," "Everybody's Guide to Dancing," by Wm. Lamb; "New Salads," by Mrs. Rorer; and "Household Accounts."

Lothrop Pub. Co.

"Once Upon a Time," a volume of verses for children, by Mary E. Wilkins; "Phronsie Pepper," being the last of the "Five Little Pepper" books, by Margaret Sidney; and "The Ready Rangers," by Kirk Munroe, being, of course, a book of sport and adventure for boys.

Fleming H. Revell Co.

"A Man as a Happiness Maker," by Newell Dwight Hillis; "Korea and Her Neighbors," by Isabella Bird Bishop, illustrated from original photographs; "Christian Missions and Social Progress," by the Rev. James S. Dennis, D.D., with 50 full-page reproductions of original photographs, in 2 vols.; "The Growth of the Kingdom of God," by the Rev. Sidney L. Gulick, 26 diagrams; "On the Indian Trail, and Other Stories of Missionary Work Among the Cree and Saulteaux Indians," by the Rev. Egerton R. Young, illustrated by J. E. Laughlin; "China and Formosa: The Story of the Mission of the Presbyterian Church of England," by the Rev. James Johnston, F.S.S., illustrated; "A Concise History of Missions," by the Rev. Edwin Munsell Bliss, D.D.; "The Gist of Japan: The Islands, Their People and Missions," by the Rev. R. B. Peery, illustrated; cheaper editions of "Chinese Characteristics," by the Rev. Arthur K. Smith; "From Far Formosa," by the Rev. George Leslie Mackay, and "Persian Life and Customs," by the Rev. Samuel G. Wilson; "Fridtjof Nansen: His Life and Explorations," by Arthur Bain; "Heroes and Heroines of the Scottish Covenanters," by J. Meldrum Dryerre; "Lord Shaftsbury," by Edwin Hodder; "Catherine Booth," by W. T. Stead; "Life of John Bunyan," by the Rev. John Brown, D.D.; a cheap edition of "The Pilgrim Fathers of New England and their Puritan Successors," by the Rev. John Brown; "The Pilgrim's Staff; or, Daily Steps Heavenward by the Pathway of Faith," a new year-book by Rose Porter; "Paul: A Servant of Jesus Christ," by the Rev. F. B. Meyer; "When Were Our Gospels Written?" an argument by Constantine Tischendorf, with a narrative of the discovery of the Sinaitic manuscript; "Old Testament Criticism, and the Rights of the Unlearned," being a plea for the rights and powers of non-experts in the study of Holy Scripture, by the Rev. John Kennedy; "Practical Primary Plans for Sabbath-school Teachers," by Israel P. Black; "Sunday School Success," by Amos R. Wells; "Practical Commentary on the International S. S. Lessons, 1898"; "After Pentecost, What?" by the Rev. James M. Campbell; "Here and There in the Greek New Testament," by Prof. L. S. Potwin; and the following stories for children: "The Odd One," by the author of "Probable Sons"; "On the Edge of a Moor"; "A Thoughtless Seven"; "Ruth Bergen's Limitation: A Modern Auto-da-Fé," by Marion Harland; "Walled In," by William O. Stoddard, illustrated; "The Older Brother," by "Pansy"; "Audrey; or, The Children of Light," by Mrs. O. F. Walton, illustrated; "And She Got All That!" by Cara Reese, illustrated; "John and I and the Church," by Elizabeth Grinnell, author of "How John and I Brought Up the Child"; and "Studies in Home and Child Life," by Mrs. S. M. I. Henry.

T. Fisher Unwin of London

Mr. Unwin's preliminary list of fall publications contains "The Work of Charles Keene," with introduction and comments by Joseph Pennell, and numerous pictures illustrative of the artist's

method and vein of humor; to which is added a bibliography of selected works, by W. H. Chesson. "My Life in Two Hemispheres," by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, with portrait, will undoubtedly prove of great interest. Mr. Unwin will publish in England a number of American books, including Mr. John Lafarge's "Artist's Letters from Japan," Bishop Potter's "The Scholar and the State," President Eliot's "American Contributions to Civilization," Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's "Hugh Wynne" and Amelia E. Barr's "Prisoners of Conscience."

The Drama

"A Bachelor's Romance"

THIS latest comedy by Martha Morton, which was produced at the Garden Theatre, on Monday evening, constitutes a very agreeable entertainment, even if it be not a masterpiece of literary or dramatic art. In general character it resembles "The Professor's Love-Story," although very different in details. Miss Morton's hero is an editor, an elderly and withered reviewer, who is violently shocked into a perception of the possibilities of existence by a visit from his ward, now a fascinating young woman, whom he had remembered only as a rather tiresome child. He falls in love with her, as a matter of course, but, fancying that she is in love with somebody else, unselfishly resolves to sacrifice himself for her happiness. As might be foreseen, the young lady is not at all eager to be disposed of in this way, and, although the editor exhibits very little of the discernment which in his critical capacity he is supposed to possess in wholesale quantities, succeeds in making him understand that his passion is reciprocated. The final curtain falls upon the usual betrothal.

All this is very old and very simple, but it is in the old-fashioned scenes of courtship and misapprehension that the strength of the piece consists. One or two subordinate love episodes, involving glimpses of what purports to be fashionable life, and manifestly intended to strengthen the theatrical interest, really imperil the success of the whole representation. The first act, in which the heroine invades the sanctum of her guardian, and practically commits herself to his care, is all, or nearly all, in the vein of excellent light comedy. If the rest of the play had been equal to it, the performance would have been an epoch-marking event in local theatrical annals; but the second act is weak as well as conventional, and, although the third and fourth are of better quality, they do not reach the standard of the first. The editor's fashionable and profligate brother, introduced presumably for the sake of contrast, is a most tiresome and ineffective person (after making all due allowance for incompetent interpretation) and ought to be relegated to some obscure position in the background.

Generally speaking, the performance is singularly good. The emotional range of Mr. Sol. Smith Russell, who enacts the editor, has always been limited, and is no deeper, or broader, now than heretofore, but he has artistic intuition and feeling, has acquired neatness and dexterity in the course of long years of experience, and, being very well fitted in his present character, comes very close to nature. Even his mannerisms are appropriate, and he excites sympathy and creates illusion in very much the same manner as Mr. Denman Thompson does. In the way of serious work he has never presented anything so satisfactory, in New York, as this old bachelor made a wooer in spite of himself. Miss Annie Russell, it is scarcely necessary to add, is quite at home in the character of the simple, unsophisticated, affectionate heroine, which she plays with that air of innocent archness which she knows so well how to assume. Messrs. William Sampson and Alfred Hudson are to be credited with two excellent character sketches, and Mrs. Fanny Addison Pitt is entitled to a word of commendation for her performance of a tart but benevolent spinster. The remaining performers do not require specification, but both the play and the interpretation of it are of much more than average merit.

"The Cat and the Cherub"

MR. CHESTER BAILEY FERNALD'S one-act play of life in the Chinese quarter of San Francisco was produced for the first time on Sept. 20, at Hammerstein's, and received with abundant applause, which it fully deserved. The author won well-merited fame with a volume of short stories of San Francisco's Chinatown, bearing the same title as the play, and it is likely that his dramatic venture will add to his reputation. It is passing difficult to discuss this drama after a single representation, because it is so utterly different from what the average American theatre-goer is

accustomed to see. The action takes place in twenty-four hours—Old Year's Night, New Year's Day and New Year's Night,—and during that short and classical period the Cherub and the Cat One-Two are kidnapped and rescued, the child's cousin Ah Yoi loses her lover, who is murdered by the kidnapper Chim Fang; and the latter is killed by his victim's father, the learned Doctor Wing Shee. The subject of the play, it will be seen, is not a pleasant one, but it is fascinating from first to last, and the closing scene—the death of the opium-den keeper at the hands of the Doctor—is truly gripping, thanks not only to the author's work, but also to that of Messrs. Richard Ganthony and Holbrook Blinn, whose brilliant acting received the recognition it deserved.

The difficulties in Mr. Fernald's way were considerable, but he has overcome them well. He had to place his audience in sympathy with a civilization that is entirely foreign to all its ways of thinking and acting, and the amount of explanation that was necessary might easily have swamped the action of his play. But it did not. The first scene is happily lightened by the learned doctor's descriptions of some of the "foreign devils' wonders, such as the "choo-choo monster," or locomotive, and the elevator. Thereafter the spectator feels very much as if he were an intelligent tourist, thousands of miles away from Christendom, and the illusion remains with him without break until the end.

A call for the author after the fall of the curtain disclosed the fact that Mr. Fernald had acted in his own play as one of the "supers," which, he declared, had been necessitated by the peculiar difficulties of the production. He thanked the audience, and he also thanked Mr. Hammerstein, whose liberality in mounting and dressing the play well deserved the compliment. That "The Cat and the Cherub" will be as popular on the stage as it is between the covers of the book, is to be hoped: it certainly deserves success. As for the present writer, he intends to go again to become better acquainted with the first true picture of the Chinaman that has ever been put upon the stage, even though the picture deals chiefly with the darker side of his existence.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

THE models sent in for the competition for the Soldiers' and Sailors' Memorial to be erected at the Fifth Avenue and Sixtieth Street entrance to Central Park are now on exhibition at the Arsenal. The Memorial Commission is composed of the following gentlemen: Mayor Strong, Comptroller Fitch, Commissioner of Public Works Collis, Recorder Goff, President of the Park Board Samuel McMillan, and Col. J. A. Goulden, Chairman of the Memorial Committee, G. A. R. Seven architects were invited to compete, and each has cooperated with a sculptor, the associations thus formed being as follows, the architect's name in each case preceding that of the sculptor: Ware and Marlin, Hume and Mac-Monnies, Davis and Piccirilli, Hunt and Bitter, Dodge and Niehaus, Gilbert and Ward, and Stoughton and Rhind. The prevailing scheme is a column, with base and capital adorned with sculpture.

—Major Pond has made arrangements with Mr. Louis Fagan, late of the Department of Prints and Drawings of the British Museum, for a lecturing-tour in this country during the coming season. Mr. Fagan will deliver three series of lectures: one (of three lectures) on art as illustrated in the collections of the British Museum; a second (of four lectures) on the art of engraving; and a third (of three lectures), on the National Gallery at London, the Madrid Gallery, and the Hague, Haarlem and Amsterdam galleries.

—Miss Mary E. Tillinghast, an artist of this city, has brought suit against Mr. John E. McIntosh of Syracuse, N. Y., to recover \$500 for a painted window ordered by him, for which he refuses to pay; \$256.57 for placing the window in St. Mark's Church, Syracuse, and \$5000 for damage done to her reputation by his refusal to accept the window. The window, which was ordered in January, 1896, as a memorial to Mrs. McIntosh, contains, among other figures, three angels, two of them with wings, the other without. Mr. McIntosh based his refusal of the window upon this angel's winglessness. Miss Tillinghast says that she submitted designs before executing the work, and that he accepted them. She claims the \$5000 on account of certain remarks made by Mr. McIntosh about the window, which, she says, were widely published. Justice McLaughlin of the Supreme Court has granted a motion in behalf of the defendant to make the complaint more definite and certain.

Education

Educational Notes

EX-POSTMASTER GENERAL William L. Wilson was installed as the ninth President of Washington and Lee University, at Lexington, Va., on Sept. 16, in the presence of a large gathering of alumni and distinguished visitors, and with appropriate ceremonies. The speakers were Prof. Cameron of Princeton, Chancellor Kirkland of Vanderbilt University, and President Gilman of Johns Hopkins. At the close of the installation it was announced that the President Emeritus, Gen. G. W. Custis Lee, had presented a \$6000 scholarship to the University. A letter from Mr. James Bryce was received too late to be read at the inauguration. We quote from it the following passage:—"Though I cannot repress some regret that his elevated character and shining abilities are not being now employed in the public service of the nation, it is a real pleasure to know that they will be dedicated to functions so important and so worthy as those of the head of your University."

The Rev James G. K. McClure, who has been elected President of Lake Forest University, was born at Albany, N. Y., in 1848, graduated from Yale in 1870, and from Princeton Theological Seminary in 1873. He has been the pastor of the Lake Front Church, Chicago, since 1881.

Mr. Henry Williams Sage, President of the Board of Trustees of Cornell University, who died at Ithaca on Sept. 18, was born in Middletown, Conn., 31 Jan. 1814. He entered mercantile life shortly after his father's death in 1833, and achieved the remarkable success that enabled him to benefit the cause of education so largely in the course of his useful life. He took an active part in the foundation of Cornell University, and continued to take an interest in it to the last, the total of his gifts to that institution amounting to fully \$2,000,000. In 1873 he erected the building for women known as Sage College, and at a later date built the University's library at his own cost. In 1886 he founded the Susan Linn Sage Professorship of Philosophy at the University, in memory of his wife. Mr. Sage's benefactions were not confined to Cornell. He endowed the Lyman Beecher lectureship at Yale, and built and presented to West Bay City, Mich., a public library which cost \$30,000. He also built and endowed a number of churches and schools in different parts of the country.

A prize of \$500 is offered to the member of the freshman class, classical division, of Amherst College, who gives evidence of the best preparation. The special examination for this prize will be held within two or three weeks of the opening of the fall term, and will be chiefly written. It will be open to all who enter either by certificate or by examination. A prize of \$300 is offered to the best prepared member of the scientific division, freshman class.

Dr. Edward A. Sheldon, the principal of the State Normal and Training School at Oswego, N. Y., who died on Sept. 16, began his educational career at Oswego in 1848, was for two or three years Superintendent of Schools in Syracuse, and returned to Oswego in 1853, which was thenceforth the scene of his labors. He introduced the system of object training at the Oswego Training School, and was superintendent of the city schools until 1869, when he took the office he held at the time of his death. He introduced the principles of Pestalozzi, added kindergarten work to the curriculum of the normal schools and unified the school systems of this state. His services to American education are, indeed, many and enduring.

Notes

MR. DAVIS'S "Soldiers of Fortune" has gone into its fiftieth thousand; so has Mr. Allen's "Choir Invisible"—two stories which have almost nothing in common, save the fact that they are the work of young American writers. Mr. Davis was in England when his book made its great success there and here. Mr. Allen is about to go abroad (if he has not already started), and will find a cordial welcome awaiting him; for the English press has lauded his work as highly as the papers in this country.

"Simon Dale" is the title of Mr. Anthony Hope's new novel. We are indebted to Mr. Hope for giving us a title without Zenda in it.

—We learn from The Macmillan Co. that M. Zola's "Paris," announced as among forthcoming publications, will not appear in book-form until early in 1898. The translator has entered into an agreement with one of the leading weeklies for its serial issue in Great Britain, which will begin in October next.

—Dr. Weir Mitchell, whose novel "Hugh Wynne" proved to be one of the most successful serials *The Century* has printed, has written another novel that will appear in this magazine during the coming year. It is called "The Adventures of François: Foundling, Adventurer, Juggler, Fencing-Master and Servant during the French Revolution." The scene of the story shifts from Paris to the provinces and back again, following the wanderings of the eccentric hero, who participates in many of the thrilling scenes of the Revolution. André Castaigne, the French American artist, will illustrate the novel.

—Mr. Edward Bellamy, the author of "Looking Backward" and "Equality," who is seriously ill, has gone to Denver, Col., where it is hoped that he will regain his health.

—We wish to make our compliments to the Doubleday & McClure Co. for the exceedingly dainty manner in which that firm is issuing its series of "Little Masterpieces." Mr. Doubleday, who is responsible for the appearance of these books, which are introduced by Prof. Bliss Perry, has given us infinite riches for a little money. Among the fall announcements of this firm, last week, we mentioned "Tales of the Real Egypt," by Mr. Paul Kester. This should be "Tales of the Real Gypsy."

—A check has been received at this office for the Association which proposes presenting a statue of Washington to France. We should be pleased to receive the address of the treasurer thereof.

—Messrs. Copeland & Day will publish early in October "Free to Serve," a tale of colonial New York, by Emma Rayner, with cover designed by Maxfield Parish. The story brings together the Dutch and English elements in New York, with Indians and Frenchmen in the background. The same house has just published "Memorial Day, and Other Poems," by Richard Burton.

—Mr. G. H. Innes of London will publish "Successes of Homer," by Mr. William Cranston Lawton, author of "Art and Humanity," recently reviewed in these pages. An American edition of the book may be brought out by the Macmillan Co.

—We learn from the Boston *Evening Transcript* that Mr. John L. Stoddard, the popular lecturer on foreign lands, has retired from the platform, on account of ill-health. All of the lectures he has delivered, together with several new ones, will be published in a series of ten volumes, containing 3400 illustrations. The first volume is to appear about Oct. 1.

—The Penn Pub. Co. of Philadelphia announces a story for girls by Julie M. Lippmann "Miss Wildfire," illustrated by Miss Ida Waugh. Another book for girls published by this house, "The Girl Ranchers," by Mrs. Carrie L. Marshall, is illustrated by the same artist.

—The Philadelphia *Record* thus explains the origin of a well-established American word:—"Out in San Francisco, twenty-five years ago, there was a notorious character named Muldoon, who was the leader of a gang of young ruffians. They were a terror to the community, and about as tough a lot of citizens as you could find on the coast. A reporter who had been assigned to a story in which they had figured, undertook to coin a word designating the gang. He reversed the name of the leader, and referred to them as 'noodlums.' The compositor mistook the 'n' for an 'h,' and as 'hoodlums' the word passed the proof-reader. And now 'hoodlum' is a recognized word."

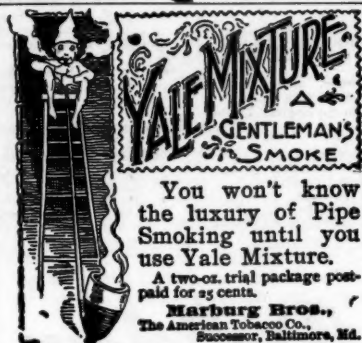
—"Apropos of the candidacy of D'Annunzio for the Italian Parliament," says *The Evening Post*, "a French writer has been taking a survey of the literary men of Europe who are in public life, or who at least aspire to political influence. In Italy Carducci's name comes first, of course; and Verdi, though not strictly a man-of-letters, is a Senator. Spain still honors literary achievement with political rewards: Cánovas himself was a distinguished historian; Castelar, Galdós, Martos have been at once Academicians and members of the Cortes. Seven writers of more or less prominence are in the German Reichstag. Prof. Virchow being the most distinguished. Maurus Jókai is a member of the Hungarian Parliament. In England the well-known names are thicker, Morley, Lecky, Bryce being all members of the present Parliament, to say nothing of Mr. Balfour."

—Franz Aurelius Pulsky, the Hungarian author and statesman, who died at Budapest on Sept. 9, was born on 17 Sept. 1814. At the age of twenty-two he was made a member of the Archaeological Institute of Rome, and later on allied himself with Kossuth in the struggle for Hungarian independence. He accompanied his leader to this country, writing an account of the trip in "Red,

White and Black." After the revolutionary movement he was elected a member of the Hungarian Diet (1861), but not permitted to return till 1866. In 1869 he was appointed Director of the National Hungarian Museum, and in 1872 Inspector-General of Museums and Public Libraries. Among his works are "Extracts from the Journal of a Hungarian Traveler in Great Britain," "The Jacobins in Hungary," "Philosophy of Hungarian History," "The Age of Copper in Hungary" and "My Life and Times."

—The Park Board has adopted the plans for the improvement of Poe Park, around his old home in Fordham. The sum of \$10,000 has been appropriated for the purpose.

—In Mr. Henry Frowde's *Periodical*, announcement is made that the Queen has sanctioned the dedication to Her Majesty of the Oxford English Dictionary, the third volume of which was completed on the sixtieth anniversary of her accession. A double section of the Dictionary—Foisly-Frankish—is promised next month.



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(With an October Cover by Gerguet.)

Out To-day.

THE WRECK OF GREECE—HENRY NORMAN, the well-known special correspondent, who was in confidential relations with the King of Greece during the late struggle, now relates for the first time certain talks he had with him, showing what was going on behind the scenes, and why Greece acted as she did. (Illustrated.)

THE COLLEGE GRADUATE WHO BECAME A DAY LABORER in order to learn the truth about the workingman—Mr. Walter A. Wyckoff—tells in "THE WORKERS" of his experience as a porter in a summer hotel, where he worked 15 hours a day and had some peculiar duties to perform. (Illustrated.)

WHAT IS BEHIND THE NEW JOURNALISM is shown in "The Business of a Newspaper," by J. Lincoln Steffens, a newspaper man. This is the first article on newspapers from the business point of view, and some very astonishing facts are shown. (Illustrated.)

IS WOMAN CLUBABLE?—"The Unquiet Sex," by Helen Watterson Moody.

BECKY SHARP AND LORD STEYNE (the frontispiece), by Bernard Partridge.

THE MAN WITH THE BACON RIND (an army story), by W. H. Shelton.

THE LIFE OF A COLLEGE PROFESSOR, by Prof. Bliss Perry.

A NEWLY DISCOVERED VENUS, by Prof. Allan Marquand.

GOLF AS SEEN BY A. B. FROST—6 full page drawings.

THE DURKET SPERRET, by Sarah Barnwell Elliot.

CECILIA BEAUX, the Artist, by William Walton.

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A New Baby World. Ed. by Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge. \$1.50.
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Barnford, J. M. The Greater Gospel. 50c.
Bates, A. Talks on the Study of Literature. \$1.50.
Bennett, John. Master Skylark. \$1.50.
Boothby, Guy. Sheila McLeod. 75c.
Bramble, C. A. Klondike: A Manual for Goldseekers. \$1.25.
Crowest, F. J. Verdi: Man and Musician. \$2.50.
Darkestetter, A. The Talmud. Tr. by H. Szold.
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Gautier, T. Capitula Fracasce. Tr. by E. M. Beam. \$1.25.

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Hume, F. Claude Dural of Ninety-Five. 50c.
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Hutson, C. W. The Story of Language. \$1.50.
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